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SELECT PASSAGES

FROM THE

GEORGICS OF VIRGINIA

AND

THE PHARSALIA OF LUCAN:

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN:

Whith Notes:

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

By ARTHUR W. WALLIS.

" Inest sua gratia parvis."

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN.

1833.

286.

I INSCRIBE THIS VOLUME

To Mrs. AND THE MISSES POWELL,

OF EXMOUTH, DEVON:

IN TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM,

AND GRATITUDE TO THE EARLIEST ENCOURAGERS OF MY

YOUTHFUL MUSE;

AS WELL AS IN THE BELIEF,

FROM THEIR LONG-CONTINUED LIBERALITY,

THAT THEIR

FRIENDSHIP WILL PLEAD EXCUSE,

FOR WHAT THEIR JUDGMENT MAY CENSURE.

A. W. W.

Sidmouth, August 24, 1833.

CONTENTS.

Pre	FACE		•													•	Page vii
	SEI	EC	TIO	NS	FR	OM VI				G	EC	R	GI	cs	C	F	
The	Harv	vest	Stor	m													3.
Spri	ng.																5
On t	he P	leası	ıres	of H	letir	eme	ent										8
Desc	ripti	on o	fa (har	iot]	Rac	e										17
The	Adv	entu	res c	of O	rphe	eus a	and	E	ur	ydi	ce						19
Note	es .		•	•	•				•		•						27
	SE	LEC	CTIC	ONS	_	RO F L					PΗ	[A]	RS	AI	J.	A	
The	Char	acte	rs of	Cæ	sar	and	P	om	pey	y c	oni	ras	stec	i			53
Cæsa	ır cro	sses	the	Rul	bico	n											58
The	Inter	view	of :	Bru	tus e	and	Ca	to,	a	nd	re	-m	arr	iag	e o	of	
	Mar	cia															62
The	Parti	ing o	of Po	mp	e y a	nd	Co	rne	lia								78
Cæsa	ır's A	ddr	ess t	o hi	s A	rmy	, b	efo	re	the	B	att	le				88
Cato	's Re	ply	to L	abie	nus												96
Note	s																99

vi.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.			PAGE
To Winter			115
Stanzas for Music			119
Song		•	122
Serenade		•	124
Birds, from a modern Latin Poet			129
Written under an Aged Oak			131
Εις την Γλωτταν την Έλληνικην			138
To the Greek Language			139
To Health, from the Greek of Ariphron the Sic	yo	nian	140
The first Choral Ode of the Hecuba of Euripides	8,	from	
the Greek			142

PREFACE.

The pleasures and advantages consequent on mental cultivation; the importance, not less in a national than individual point of view, of a due regard to the nurture of our better powers; are, happily, beginning to be generally appreciated: and it may be presumed that the day has for ever closed upon us, which would stamp the mind the creature of external circumstances, and measure the capacity for intellectual pabulum, by the unequal distribution of fortune's gifts.

But in this age of enquiry, it is too true that while the advancement of science has been rapid without parallel,

ground has decidedly been lost in those departments of learning, pre-eminently calculated to "humanize the mind," and raise us above those mercenary pursuits which now almost entirely engross popular attention. While the mighty mechanical agents which genius has eliminated from materials apparently the most unimportant, have surmounted every obstacle opposed to their progress, and still press forward on rapid wing, conquering and to conquer; we have, it must be feared, lost our sensibility to delights more purely intellectual, more decidedly contributing to exalt us over the mere animal, by refining the sentiments, and cultivating the taste. Thus while our aspirants to scientific fame stand, both in number and erudition, eminent, perhaps, over those of any preceding age, our poets, our painters, and our sculptors, are deficient in that fire and originality, which so brilliantly shine through the works of their ancestors, in times less devoted to speculative enquiries.

Nor less in fault is the system pursued in the education of our Fair. No matter how trifling an occupation;—it may even tend to degrade the mind;—" Is it fashionable?" forms the first enquiry; and if this be answered in the affirmative,

ruinous indeed is deemed the consequence of its neglect. Thus to the elegant and learned accomplishments which so adorned the courts of our Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey, have succeeded a crowd of butterfly amusements, which flutter in a morning sun, to be scorched to ashes ere they have half endured its meridian blaze; utterly worthless in the improvement of the rising generation, or as a solace to the cares which will naturally arise, and cast their gloom over the social hearth. Few, in short, pursue literature further than they may render it subservient to immediate secular advantage; and this, perhaps, may satisfactorily account for our undeniable decline in all matters of tasteful discrimination.

To enjoy any share in the annihilation of these great and growing evils; to endeavour, by means however trifling, to induce a love of learning for her own sake, and relax the fetters which at present enslave her, is indeed enviable; and under the impression that, than poetry, the progress of none of her sister arts was better calculated to eradicate the mischief, the idea struck me, of attempting to arrange in a vernacular dress, selections from classic antiquity, requiring no further information for their relish, than such as might be

conveyed in a few short notes, and universally allowed models of sentimental purity and beauty. Not that I for a moment indulge the hope that this little work can possess much weight in the accomplishment of designs so vast and important; but if, in the confined sphere to which its circulation will in all probability be limited, it induce but an individual to explore the riches of the vast mine from which its contents are drawn, I shall be far from considering the pleasing hours devoted to its composition as spent to no purpose, and shall esteem it that the result of my humble endeavours has not fallen still-born to the ground.

The acknowledged worth of every line in the Georgics of Virgil almost renders apology necessary for making selections from that noble poem, not a sentence of which breathes other than the purest spirit, not a word of which could be withdrawn without diminishing the beauty, harmony, and delicacy of the whole. But while every portion of the work is in most perfect keeping, episodes, arising out of the subject, are judiciously interwoven; which, taken from the context, form unrivalled models of poetical composition. To such digressions have I directed my attention, interfering but little

with the more immediate subject of the poem, agriculture; and though I readily acquiesce in the fact that every part will afford equal gratification to the philologist and man of cultivated taste, I cannot wean myself from the idea that, for those whose taste is yet in infancy, (and to such alone can I presume to address myself) selections, unfettered by technicalities, will possess greater charms than the entire composition, however faultless. Besides, a very chief beauty in the original work consists not so much in the subject, as in the manner of handling it; the force and aptitude of expression, the harmony of versification; beauties which, to translators, have proved as formidable difficulties as the attempt to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. These exquisite touches, these "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," can be known and felt in the original alone. No modern pen can possibly transfer the dignity and force of the master-spirits of yore.

On the Pharsalia of Lucan, taken connectedly, so much praise cannot justly be bestowed. None who enjoy the beauties of this author will fail to sorrow over his defects, arising as they did from the ardour of youthful imagination, uncontrolled by the more sober judgment of advanced years.

That a poem, written in the decline of Roman literature, the production of a man who died at the age of twenty-seven, should furnish such numerous specimens of such surpassing excellence, and particularly should evince such gigantic powers in the conception of character, deserves our warmest admiration. But these excellencies have hitherto been esteemed too slightly, and every little defect magnified to excess. Lucan's versification may not

"Unlink the chains which tie
"The hidden soul of harmony"

equally with the mellifluous flow of Virgil; but the censure of Scaliger, "non canit, sed la trat" is assuredly too severe. Language may not always bend beneath his sway as under the flowery yoke of Horace; but shall we, on that account, altogether deny his power "to build the lofty rhyme?" His pages may occasionally be deformed by false taste and bombast; let us not for this allege, as some have done, that his partial beauties are obscured by immeasurable faults. Rather should we wonder that a poem like the Pharsalia is the production of a bard so young; and believe, in the spirit of candid criticism, that maturer judgment would have ju-

xiii.

diciously grafted its fruits on this unfinished production of early genius.

For introducing into this volume a few attempts at original verse, I fear the critic's severe reprehension. Let me assure him, that obedience to the wishes of my patrons, rather than any idea of the intrinsic worth of these compositions, has caused their insertion. Most of them were the effusions of very tender years; I therefore anticipate nothing but reproof from those who regard them with any other than the eye of friendship.

Northleigh, near Honiton, August 15.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

GEORGICS OF VIRGIL.

THE HARVEST STORM.

BOOK I. 316-34.

Off, as the farmer bids the labouring swain
Cull from its brittle stem the ripen'd grain
Which gilds the harvest, battle thro' the heav'n
The hosts of winds: the heavy ears are riv'n
Forth by their lowest roots, and borne on high,
As, when black Winter bellows thro' the sky,
Floats the frail chaff, the reeds in wild commotion fly!

Then worlds of clouds athwart the heav'n are stor'd Drunk from the deep; and worlds of water pour'd From out their darksome womb:—the very beams Of Æther burst:—a thick'ning deluge streams, Drowns the glad crops, the labours of the teams! The trenches swell; the foaming rivers roar; The white-mouth'd billows dash upon the shore. In thickest darkness shrouded, from above With glowing fury hurls the Thunderer Jove His terrible bolts! Earth trembles! Beasts are fled! The nations shrink with universal dread! Proud Athos cow'rs beneath his burning brand, And high Ceraunia shudders at his hand; The winds rebellow; fiercer flow the floods; The tempest howls among the rocks, the woods!

SPRING.

BOOK II. 323-45.

Spring robes in glad array the woods, the meads, Swells the moist earth, and asks the genial seeds. The from Heaven Almighty Æther bows, And warms the bosom of his happy spouse With fertile show'rs; and all her various race Partake the bounty of his vast embrace! The feather'd warblers carol through the grove; The joyful herds renew their wonted love;

Earth teems with good; the meadow bares her breast,

And woos the rip'ning breezes from the West;
While gentle dew descends in balmy streams,
And vegetation courts the young sun-beams!
The southern blast the vine no longer dreads,
Nor storms which sweep the northern pole; but
spreads

In verdant luxury her op'ning leaves,

While the warm gale her bursting blossom heaves!

When first Creation's morning dawn'd, and Time Gaz'd in enchantment on the young World's prime, Herds quaff'd the growing light, and from the bed Of Earth, Man's iron race uprear'd its head;

When beasts were sent, the rising wood to rove,
And primal planets roam'd the Vault above;
No Winter from a desert East would burst,
But universal Spring young Nature nurst!
And, ere the offspring from the womb had rose,
Had sunk the mother 'neath her labour throes,
Except indulgent Deities had blest
With genial warmth, and down'd the couch of
rest!

ON THE

PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

BOOK II. 458-540.

Too happy rustics! (did they know to prize

The happiness which rustic life supplies—)

For whom, removed from public scenes afar,

The clash of Discord, and the din of War,

Spontaneous Earth abundant produce gives,

To crown their labours, to support their lives!

What tho' the blazon'd hall from portals proud,

For them may ne'er disgorge the flatt'rers crowd;

Nor various gems the tortois'd door array; Nor broider'd forms the spangled vest display; Nor Corinth's lustres on their tunics glow; Nor Tyrian colours for their fleeces flow; Nor cinnamon its fragrant essence pour, To spoil the pureness of their olive store?-Their's is the peaceful mind, a fruitful source Of various opulence: to mar the course Of their innocuous bark no tempest blows: A never-ending rest the farmer knows! The grot, the living lake, and Tempè's shade, The cattle's lowing, and the woodland glade Invite to sweet repose. His forests rise; The hunted victim from its covert flies;

His youths, inur'd to toil, restrain desires;
His pure oblations, venerable sires:

Nor yet does Justice wholly disappear;
At least her sacred tread's imprinted here!

Ye heavenly Nine, my best, supremest care,
Accept the off'ring, hear your prophet's pray'r!
Give me to trace the planet's orb, explain
The sun's eclipses, and the lunar wane,
The crash of earthquakes, and old Ocean's pride,
When bursts its wonted bound the foaming tide;
To mark the waters as they backward run;
Or seek the causes why the Winter sun
So hastes to quench his glory in the main;
Or question why so short night's Summer reign.

And if my life-blood in its courses freeze, Unapt to scan such lofty themes as these, Retirement's pleasure still to me is dear;-To mark the valley's fertile stream, to hear The river's roaring torrent, or to view Unseen, unknown, the forest's varied hue! Oh! lead me to the plain Sperchius laves, Where Taygetus with Bacchic orgies raves! Oh! kindly waft me where the cooling vale Extends from Hæmus, and with boughs empale! If blest his lot, who knows the primal cause Of Earth and Heav'n; elicits Nature's laws. Whose conquering steps o'er doubt and danger run,

Who braves the roar of greedy Acheron;

Yet blest and blessing all may he repose, Who Pan, Sylvanus, and the Dryads knows! No Lictor's rod, no purple robe of state, No discord, moving kindred hearts to hate, His soul disturbs; and though the Dacian horde In hostile mood conspiring Ister ford, He knows nor care nor terror. Rome may wield An universal sceptre; empires yield Beneath her proud career; while happy he Nor envies wealth, nor dreads adversity! Whate'er spontaneous issues from the land, Or fruit, or grain, or flow'ret, culls his hand; Nor needs he iron laws, with vengeance rife, The Forum's tumult, or th' Exchequer's strife.

The trackless main's abyss let others plough, Or rush to war, or court a regal brow, Or meditate a city's overthrow, And Lares, buried in prevailing woe, While onyx bowls they quaff, in soul elate, Or sue for slumber, robed in Sarrian state. Another doat upon his golden heap; This strive with floods of eloquence to steep The world in wonder, while another draws From chiefs and people echoes of applause. Let others revel, stain'd with kindred gore, Desert the consecrated fanes of yore, Their father's venerable thresholds fly, And seek for shelter 'neath an alien sky.

The various labours of the rolling year The happy rustic's spirit still will cheer; And rich abundance will the furrow'd field For country, kindred, flocks, and heifers yield. Nor, till the Autumn's downy fruit abound, Or flocks increase, or every hope be crown'd With Ceres' golden sheaf, and rich manure The furrows load, and granaries secure The various produce, will relax his toil:-Then Winter comes, and Sicyonian oil From all his presses flows. Returning boars Exult in fatness; and their crimson stores The woods afford; the blooming apples shine, And mellow'd on the hill 's the fruitful vine.

And oh! to see his lovely children share The envied kiss! His spotless threshold, where Young Modesty resides! His cows return With bursting udders! And his kidlings burn T' excel their mates in playful strife! While he Each redient feast devotes to jollity, And where upon the shrine the faggots blaze, Invites his neighbours, and resounds the praise Of thee, Lenæus, while they crown the bowls, And steep in luscious wine their jovial souls! Or bids the swains in rustic sport contend, Or hurl their arrows at the elm, or bend Their brawny forms in wrestling, while the prize To grace the victor, fires their envious eyes!

'Twas such delights the ancient Sabines knew,
And Remus foster'd; thus Etruria grew
Supreme in fortitude; and peerless Rome
Has round her seven-fold hills a rampart thrown.
To such pursuits did golden Saturn move,
Ere slaughter fed the feast; Dictæan Jove
The sceptre sway'd, or martial trumpets roar'd
Or clash'd in deadly strife the hated sword.

DESCRIPTION

ØP

A CHARIOT RACE.

BOOK III. 103-12

Hast thou ne'er seen, when first the chariots bound
In rapid race, and seize upon the ground,
How hope elate the youthful guider fills,
How pallid fear through every bosom thrills?
Now, pois'd upon the rein, they ply the thong,
And swift the smoking axle flies along.

Now low, now high in air the coursers rise,

They float upon the wind, they sweep the skies!

No stop, no stay; and still the rising clouds

Of yellow dust the wingëd chariot shrouds;

Still pants the foremost, wet with followers' breath;

So high the thirst for fame, so sweet the victor's wreath.

THE ADVENTURES

OF

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

BOOK IV. 457-527.

(Aristæus, son of Apollo and the Nymph Cyrenè, was enamoured by the beauty of Eurydicè, the wife of Orpheus, and, observing her alone in the open air, pursued her. Her flight, and its catastrophe, with the subsequent disasters of Orpheus, are pourtrayed by Virgil in inimitable numbers; constituting one of the most noble and enchanting episodes which ever entered into poet's imagination.)

Along the river's side the maiden fled,

And wild dismay her hasty footsteps sped,

And oh! she saw not, couch'd upon her way, To guard the bank, a fearful hydra lay! The mountains hear the sister Dryads' moan, And Rhodopè's vast rock returns the groan, And high Pangæa, martial Rhesus, share Orithyia's, Hebrus', Getæ's care! And he,* to soothe his sorrow, seeks the shores. And sad and solitary music pours To thee, sweet bride; thee sings at morning rise; Thee woos his strain, when latest twilight dies; For thee he dared the lofty gates of Hell, The jaws of Tænarus, the groves where dwell In dread obscurity, the Manes' train; Where Pluto boasts an unrelenting reign,

^{*} Orpheus.

Where revel fiends, of human-kind the foe, Their hearts insensible to tales of woe!

But, as he strikes the sorrows of his string, From Erebus the ghastly spectres spring, As countless birds to forest umbrage fly, When eve, or tempests darken o'er the sky. The mother, and the sire, the warrior's shade, The beardless boy, the unaffianced maid, The infant o'er whose pyre a parent wept;-All round whose forms had dark Cocytus swept Its reedy maze, and stagnant waters wound, And gloomy Styx its nine-fold circles bound. Death's deepest haunts, astonish'd, heard his care; The wond'ring Furies rais'd their serpent hair;

The jaws of Cerberus enchantment clos'd, And charm'd Ixion on his wheel repos'd.

Now, danger vanquish'd by the poet's lay, To upper air he wound his joyful way, While follow'd the restor'd Eurydice His willing footsteps; (such the stern decree Of Proserpine;) but sudden frenzy mov'd His anxious soul:—oh! had the Manes lov'd Or known to pity, his affection well Had hop'd the pardon of the fiends of Hell! Unmindful minstrel! to the verge of light Return'd Eurydicè. His eager sight He prematurely feasts! Again she flies! Ah! lost his toil! Again she dies-she dies! The Tyrant's league his ruthless passion broke,

And thrice Avernus groan'd, as thus she spoke:—

- "Thou hapless Orpheus! say what Fury wills
- "Our joint perdition, our united ills?
- "Thy miserable bride the Fates recall,
- "And ceaseless slumbers o'er my eyelids fall!
- "Adieu! a thick'ning shade my form obscures;
- "Tis vain t' extend my hand-no longer yours!"

She said; and swiftly from his vision flees

As rising smoke commingles with the breeze;

Nor sees his strife to grasp her spirit's hold;

Nor hears the orisons he fain had told;

And dark and deep Hell's bounding waters roar,

And Charon listens to his plaint no more!

Oh! speak a solace for his woeful life,

His prospects blighted, doubly lost his wife!

What second melody will Hades move,

Or rescue from the Stygian bark his love?

For nine long months, by Strymon's desert wave,
He wound his lament 'neath a rocky cave,
And at the harmony would tigers fawn,
And oaks, enchanted, bound across the lawn!
Thus, on the poplar spray, the nightingale
Tells of her ravish'd young the mournful tale;

How some rude ploughman tore them from her nest,

Ere yet the downy plumes had fledg'd their breast;
All night her melancholy music swells,
And still reiterates her plaintive knells,
And soft and sad her melting numbers flow,
And all the grove reverberates her woe!

No hymenæal rites, no other love,

No second fair his sadden'd soul could move;

And now he pours his plaint to Scythia's snows,

Where Tanais' water freezes as it flows;

And now Riphæi's ice-bound summit haunts,

And Pluto's unavailing bounty chaunts!

Ciconia's dames, enrag'd with Bacchic fire,

T' avenge their unrequited love conspire;

His youthful limbs with furious zeal divide,

And roll his sever'd head down Hebrus' tide.

Eurydice still linger'd on his tongue,

Eurydice his faltering accents sung,

Ah! poor Eurydice! the rocks and river rung.

NOTES

TO

SELECTIONS FROM THE GEORGICS.

I. THE HARVEST STORM.

Note A. Page 3.

" The heavy ears are riv'n

- " Forth by their lowest roots, and borne on high,
- " As, when black Winter bellows thro' the sky,
- " Floats the frail chaff, the reeds in wild commotion fly!"

In my analysis of this noble passage, I have ventured, with Dr. Martyn, to differ from Ruseus and Heyne. These learned editors conceive that the poet never intended to oppose in similitude the whirling aloft of the heavy ears of corn by the Summer hurricane, to the floating of chaff before an ordinary Winter's gale; but that all the circumstances mentioned form part of the identical storm he so magnificently

describes. Surely to view the passage as a simile adds vast force and terror to the scene, and contributes to impress what Virgil indisputably wishes to enforce, the desolation which is inseparable from a storm during harvest.

Note B. Page 4. " Proud Athos—high Ceraunia."

Athos, a mountain in Macedonia, so high, that when the sun is near the horizon, it overshadows the whole isle of Lesbos, an extent of eight leagues. Ceraunia, a chain of mountains in Epirus, frequently stricken with thunder. Hence their name, from reparvos, a thunderbolt.

As I have attempted a version of this sublime description; perhaps, in the original, the most vivid picture of a storm which any pen has ever delineated; I cannot avoid remarking the magnificent rapidity with which every part of the action is conducted, and the total absence of any extravagance of hyperbole, or prolixity of detail, so disgusting to the reader of taste and feeling. In the energetic terseness of his descriptions, Virgil is considered to have left every other poet at an immeasurable distance. Here, in the short space of ten

lines, we have presented to our view the engagement of the hostile winds; the produce of the land torn up by the roots, and whirled through the air; the clouds thickening; the torrents roaring; the very sky bursting; the foam of the billows whitening the shore. And, to crown all, the Thunderer is introduced; swift as his own lightning have the astonished beasts vanished; consternation overwhelms universal nature; we almost tremble at the redoubled fury of the winds, and the respondent groans of the rocks. I can imagine nothing more majestically designed or executed than this living representation of a harvest storm.

II. SPRING.

Note C. Page 5.

In the heathen mythology, *Æther*, or the *sky*, was correspondent with *Jupiter*; and the *earth* represented by *Juno*, his wife. This will explain the poet's elegant metaphor, to delineate the refreshing influence of the vernal shower.

[&]quot;'Tis then from Heaven Almighty Æther bows,

[&]quot; And warms the bosom of his happy spouse

[&]quot; With fertile show'rs."

Virgil's superiority over every other as a descriptive poet, has been previously remarked. And if terrible be his description of a summer storm, correspondingly beautiful is this glowing delineation of Spring. The fields brightening under the dew, the enchanting melody of birds, the loves of the cattle, the meadow baring her breast to the zephyrs, and vegetation courting the sun, newly awakened from his winter lethargy—what mind can be otherwise than alive to the rapturous scenes here presented to imagination in "linked sweetness."

I have sometimes amused myself by reading, in various authors, descriptions of this lovely season. Second only to Virgil's, I consider that of the eloquent Greek Father, Saint Gregory Nazianzen. I need claim no indulgence for adorning my pages with an elegant translation of the passage in question, by Hugh Stuart Boyd, Esq., a scholar who, in addition to numerous and valuable contributions to classical learning, has rendered no inconsiderable service to the cause of religion and virtue, by his masterly versions from the most eminent Greek Fathers.* I extract from his "Select passages"

[•] I cannot forbear the mention of his very learned and elaborate

"of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil;" 3rd edition, page 207, part of "The Peroration of St. Gre"gory's Panegyrickon the Martyr Mamas." Mr. Boyd observes
"This oration was probably pronounced on Easter Sunday,
"and, consequently, in the Spring, A. D. 383."

"All nature now moves on in unison with our festivity, "and rejoices in common with our joy. Behold the face of "things. The Queen of the Seasons unfolds her pageantry to "the Queen of Days, presenting from her native store what"ever is most beauteous, whatever is most delightful. Now "is the canopy of heaven more cloudless; the sun rides "higher in his course, arrayed in more gorgeous splendours; "brighter is the circle of the moon, and purer the chorus of "the stars. More pacific now, the waves murmur on the "shore: the tempest is allayed, soft are the whispers of the "breeze; genial is the earth to the opening flowerets, and "grateful the flowerets to our eyes. Released from winter's

Essay on the doctrine of the Greek Prepositive Article; a production which has ranked him, in the estimation of competent judges, among the ablest theological scholars of his age and country. The Essay is appended to Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on the Ephesians, and a Postscript, in answer to objectors, stands at the end of the Commentary on Titus.

"tyranny, more limpid flow the fountains; in streams more "copious, the rivers; gay is the foliage on the trees, and "sweet the fragrance of the meadow; the herbage is cropped "by the cattle; on the blooming plain the lambs disport. The "vessel, now, from the harbour rides forth majestic, accompa-"nied with shouts, for the most part shouts of gratitude, and "is winged with its sails. The dolphin sports on the bosom " of the waters, dashing around the silvery foam, and follow-"ing with alacrity the mariner. Now does the husbandman "prepare his implements of tillage, raising to heaven his eye, "and invoking Him who bade the fruitage flourish. "jocund he leads his oxen to the yoke! how patiently he "cuts the prolific furrow, while hope sits smiling on his "countenance! The shepherd and the herdsman attune their "reeds, and meditate the rural strain, and celebrate the "Spring, in the grotto or the grove. The gardener now "more anxiously tends his plants; the fowler renews his "snare, and inspects the branches, and curiously explores the "flying of the bird. The fisherman surveys the deep, and "repairs his net, and sits on the summit of the rock.

"Again the assiduous bee, spreading wide her wings, "and ascending from the hive, begins the demonstration of

"her skill, despoils the meads, and rifles of their sweets the "flowers. One labours at the honey-comb, constructing the "cells, hexagonal and mutually opposed, while another lays "up the delicious store, providing for him who provided her "a habitation, refection sweet, and sustenance untoiled for. "Again the bird fabricates his nest, and one returns, and ano-"ther enters the new-formed mansion; while a third traverses "the air, and bids the forest re-echo to his harmonies, and greets "the passenger with a song. Each part inanimate of the crea-"tion hymns and glorifies its Maker with a silent homage. "For every thing which I behold, my God by me is magni-"fied, and thus their hymn my hymn becomes, from whom I "have derived my melody. Now universal nature smiles, "and every sense is welcomed to the banquet. And now the "magnanimous steed, disdaining the confinement of his stall, "and spurning the fetters that impede him, bounds o'er the "echoing plains, and displays his beauty in the flood."

In perusing the undermentioned descriptions of Spring, I have received unmingled delight. I introduce them, trusting that my readers will derive gratification from a personal reference to them.

In the sacred writings, not to particularize the several lovely traces of vernal imagery which teem through the Psalms, the Song of Solomon is indeed a noble composition, and deserves attentive study from the scholar, the man of taste, and the religionist. Had we not to lament the total loss of the system of Hebrew versification, this rich poem would stand altogether unrivalled. In more immediate connection with the subject under consideration, I would mention Chap. II. v. 10 to 13 inclusive.

The divine Lucretius, the "bright and morning star" of Roman literature, has commenced his immortal work, "De Rerum Natura," in a manner worthy himself and his subject. It has commanded universal applause.

Very finished and melodious is Meleager's Idyl, beginning, Χειματος ηνεμοεντος απ' αιθερος οιχομενοιο.

It will be found in either of the Anthologies, and is exquisitely translated in Bland's Collections from the Minor Greek Poets.

The opening of our own Thomson's enchanting "Seasons," must not be forgotten. In Shakspeare there is a strik-

ing Spring song, near the end of "Love's Labour Lost;" and the tenth speech of Perdita, in Ant iv, Scene 3, of the "Winter's Tale," abounds in graceful touches. Few have surpassed Milton on this head. Instance his pleasing "Song for May Morning."

The thirty-seventh ode of Anacreon (Edit. Barnes) delineates Spring with a master's pencil. A free, though very poetical version will be found in Moore's Translation, Vol. II, p. 34.* Horace has a thrilling ode on the return of Spring, (Lib. I, Car. 4,) and Catullus's little poem, beginning "Jam ver egelidos refert tepores;"

in the rendering of which the Hon. Chas. Lamb has transferred much of the spirit of the original, (vide Lamb's Catul-

The Bard of Erin introduces the following, among his notes to this Ode. "Monsieur Chevreau says that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring; I cannot find it." Had he discovered the Father's delineation, surely justice would have urged him to deny the Frenchman's assertion. A comparison will evince that St. Gregory's description bears no further similitude to Anacreon's, and is no more a paraphrase of it, than it is of Thomson's or Shakspeare's. But probably Mr. Moore examined only the Posses of the illustrious Bishop, little dreaming that an Oration on a Martyr could be so replete with poetical spirit, as to suffer nothing from comparison with one of the sweetest odes of his favoured Anacreon.

lus, Vol. I, p. 83,) is remarkable for a delicate and refined simplicity. The celebrated Scotch poet, Buchanan, has also written a very elegant and vivid description in Latin Elegiac verse.

III. ON THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

Note D. Page 9.

- " Nor various gems the tortois'd door array;
- " Nor broider'd forms the spangled vest display;
- " Nor Corinth's lustres on their tunics glow;
- " Nor Tyrian colours for their fleeces flow."

In illustration of this passage, I beg to introduce the following attempt at translation, from Lucan's description of Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria, in which she entertained Julius Cæsar. The classical reader will find the original in the *Pharsalia*, *Lib. X.* 112—26.

The vaulted roof with riches shone, the beams
Thick plates of gold embrac'd, the marble dome
Was bright in amethystine blaze, the floor
With precious sardonyx profusely glow'd.

No thin veneer a meaner post enclos'd,
But trees of ebony did Meroë bring
To 'stablish, not to ornament, the hall.
The wainscot snow'd in ivory; the shell
Of India's tortoise, sparkling on the door,
With studs of em'rald more refulgent gleam'd.
There lighten'd, on the couch, the adamant;
And there, the jasper yellow'd o'er the scene;
Gems starr'd the ottomans; of Tyrian dye
A double stream the ample drapery quaff''d;
Save where a golden thread, or broider'd woof
In Pharian custom, cross'd the rich brocade.

As we are told, a line or two previous, that such luxuries were not before known to the Romans, we may gather that much of the extravagance which tended so materially to hasten their decline, was introduced from Ægypt.

CORINTHIAN BRASS was of high celebrity among the ancients. The running together of all the metals in the city, during its conflagration by L. Mummius, the Roman consul, has been alledged as the origin of this valuable composition. But brass lays claim to far greater antiquity, from the con-

current testimony of sacred and profane authors. Its first mention occurs in *Genesis*, *Chap. IV.* 22, where we are informed that Tubal-Cain was "an instructor of every artificer in iron and brass."

Tyrian Purple has received the encomium of almost every classical author, from Homer downwards. Were I to enter even briefly into the controversy on that splendid colour, the re-discovery of which, has, for the past century, divided the scientific world, and formed the constant theme of naturalists and travellers, I should swell this note into an essay. All, I believe, agree with Aristotle and Pliny, that it was obtained from an univalve shell-fish, of the turbinated form; and it appears next to certain, that no modern dye can bear a moment's comparison with it, for costliness, brightness, or durability. It is thus described by Lucretius. (De Rer: Nat. Lib. VI. 1072.)

[&]quot; Purpureusque colos conchylii jungitur uno

[&]quot; Corpore cum lanes, dirimi qui non quest usquam;

[&]quot; Non-si Neptuni fascu senovare operam des;

[&]quot;Non---mare si sotum welit chiere combibus andis."

- ---- " With the fleece,
- "The purple murex so minutely blends,
- " Nought e'er can part them; no-tho' e'en thou toil
- " Day after day with all great Neptune's waves,
- "No-his whole sea the stain would ne'er erase."-Good.

Tradition has handed us various accounts of the erigin of this famous discovery. The most poetical is, that Hercules, enamoured of the nymph Tyros, was wandering with her on the sea shore, when his dog happened to light on a shell, broke it, and stained his mouth of a most delicate purple hue. The maid, charmed with the richness of the colour, asked of her lover, a similarly dyed robe, in return for her hand. This Hercules produced, by collecting a number of the murices.

But, be this as it may, the commerce in this precious dye greatly contributed to the opulence and magnificence of the once celebrated Tyre, the very ruins of which furnished Alexander sufficient materials for the construction of his gigantic mole, two hundred feet broad, and three quarters of a mile long, connecting the island on which the city stood, with the continent. So immense was the price demanded for this produce, that in the reign of Augustus, a pound of Tyrian-stained wool could with difficulty be procured for thirty pounds sterling. The purple robe was subsequently reserved, under pain of death, to the emperor; and the priests, proclaiming it sacred to divinity, gratified pride at the expense of conscience.

Note E. Page 9.

" The grot, the living lake, and Tempe's shade."

The vale of Tempè, which poets have coloured up with every imaginable picture of delight, was situated between the mountains Ossa and Olympus, in Thessaly. But Tempè was afterwards used, and occurs in this passage, as an appellative of any cool, refreshing valley. For a description of Thessalian Tempè, I refer the enquiring reader to the beautiful fable of Io, Ovid Metamorph. Lib. I. Fab. X.; or to Eliani Hist. Var. Lib. III. cap. 1.

Note F. Page 11.

- " Oh! lead me to the plain Sperchius laves,
- " Where Taygetus with Bacchic orgies raves!"

The Orgies or festivals of Bacchus, very generally observed throughout ancient Greece; and celebrated with peculiar devotedness at Athens, and by the Spartan virgins on Mount Taygetus; were, as Herodotus informs us, first instituted in Ægypt, and introduced from that country by a certain Melampus. According to Plutarch, the Ægyptian divinity Osiris, and the Pamylia, festivities in his honour, corresponded to the Bacchus and Orgia of the Greeks and Romans. Though in their first introduction marked by no particular solemnity, and consisting principally in the dedication of a few days to mirth, yet was their celebration, in course of time, attended by the most fanatical and extraordinary superstition. Crowds of worshippers, of both sexes, fantastically clad in fawn and goat skins, crowned with garlands of ivy, vine, and flowers, and bearing thyrsi, drums, pipes, and flutes; -some of them imitating in the uncouth arrangement of their attire, and the horns protruding from their foreheads, the poetic fictions respecting Pan, Silenus, and the Satyrs; rent the air with hideous shricks of "Io

"Bacche, Evoc Saboi, O Io Bacche;" tortured their forms into the most preposterous positions; danced with wild enthusiasm; and personified, in their infuriated rage, the desperation of madmen.

Note G. Page 11.

" Who braves the roar of greedy Acheron."

Acheron, fabled by the poets as one of the rivers of Hell.

It has been imagined, and with some plausibility, that as Virgil has previously prayed the Muses to instil into his mind the heights of philosophy, and second only to this esteems participation in rural enjoyment, he opposes in this passage the situation of Lucretius, the only Roman who had hitherto written a philosophical poem, to his own, pre-eminently, as the author of Pastorals and Georgics, the devotee of the rural deities, Pan, Sylvanus, and the Dryads. Thus, while he modestly distrusts his capability to investigate the courses of planets and variations of tides, he finely consoles himself on the equal blessing attending the innocent enjoy-

ment of country life. Indeed the advantages of rural retirement for the encouragement of the contemplative powers, has been frequently remarked. In Cicero's estimation, who was never so happy as when tasting the domestic delights of his dear Tusculum, the life of the farmer constituted the nearest approach to that of the philosopher. Horace, in the elegant and amusing sixth satire of his second book, reposes his ambition in a prayer for a garden, a grove, and a perennial stream. Shakspeare well observes (As you like it, Act ii, Scene 1,)

and Thomson, in the noble imitation of the Mantuan bard which concludes his "Autumn," remarks that he who

roams in imagination o'er boundless space, or

[&]quot;This our life, exempt from public baunt,

[&]quot;Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

[&]quot;Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;"

[&]quot;Deep in a vale, with a choice few retir'd,

[&]quot;Drinks the pure pleasures of the Rural Life,"

[&]quot;Truth divinely breaking on his mind,

[&]quot;Elates his being, and unfolds his powers t"

Note H. Page 12.

" Though the Dacian horde" In hostile mood conspiring Ister ford."

The warlike and semi-barbarous Dacians, who inhabited the provinces now known as Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, were continually endeavouring to make inroads on the Roman territory. It was their custom, on crossing the *Ister*, or *Danube*, on a martial expedition, to fill their mouths with the water, and conspire by it never to retrace their steps until they had either slain or routed their enemies. Hence the propriety of the poet's epithet, conspiring Ister.

Note I. Page 13.

- " Or meditate a city's overthrow,
- " And Lares, buried in prevailing woe,
- " While onyx bowls they quaff, in soul elate,
- " Or sue for slumber, robed in Sarrian state."

The Lares, or Penates, were inferior Gods among the Romans, who presided over houses and families. They were originally only two in number, sons of Mercury by Lara; whence, perhaps, the derivation of their first mentioned name;

while Cicero informs us that they were called *Penates*, quod *penitus* insident, because they were deposited in the most secret part of the house. In process of time, every city, family, farm, cross-road, fountain, &c. had its peculiar *Lar*, or tutelary divinity. The expression here used appears merely a poetical periphrasis for the ruin of families.

In Lucan's account of Cleopatra's banquet to Julius Cæsar, (*Phars. Lib. X*, 159,) we are told

"Manibusque ministrat

- "Niliacas crystallus aquas, gemmæque capaces
- " Excepere merum.

Probably, therefore, the Romans introduced from Alexandria the custom of displaying cups of onyx, opal, agate, sapphire, &c. on their sideboards. The magnificent Portland, or Barbarini Vase, the glory of the British Museum, as well as those which grace the Treasury of St. Denis, the church of St. John the Baptist at Milan, &c. &c. independently of their extreme elegance and beauty, present interesting associations, from the very plausible supposition that they anciently decorated the banquets of the great.

The old scholiast on Virgil thus illustrates the expression "Sarrano ostro."

"Que nunc 'Tyrus' dicitur, olim 'Sarra' vocabatur,
"a pisce quodam, qui illic abundat, quem sua lingua 'Sar'
"appellant. Verum quidem est Romanos veteres pro Tyro,
"dixisse Sarram. Unde est quod pro Tyrio, poeta dixit
"Sarranum ostrum."

For a brief account of the *Tyrian dye*, I beg to refer to the three last paragraphs of Note D.

Note K. Page 15.

"Resounds the praise
"Of thee, Lenœus, while they crown the bowls."

Lenœus, a surname of Bacchus, from his having the care of wine-presses, called in Greek $\Lambda_{\eta\nu\alpha\alpha}$.

The exact meaning of the expression, "cratera coronare," to crown bowls, is a point in dispute. The opinion that it alludes to surrounding them with garlands, (though, if

my memory be correct, Anacreon makes more than one reference to such a custom.) does not appear so fully borne out by ancient testimony, as that this expression merely refers to what we moderns call "bumpers." Libations to the Gods were always offered in full cups; as it was considered irreverential to dedicate to divinity any thing which was not "τελειον και ολον," perfect and entire. Greeks, to fill was expressed " επιστεφείν κρατήρα," to crown the cup, the exact counterpart of Virgil's expression; and Atheneus informs us that a full cup was termed " επιστεφης," crowned, " ητοι ύπερ γειλης ποιείται ώστε δια του ποτου εστεφανοῦσθαι," because the bead or foam of the wine appeared in form of a crown above the goble's rim. On the whole, therefore, I think we shall approach nearer to the poet's spirit, by picturing in imagination, instead of a goblet garlanded with flowers, the perhaps more convivial object of a creaming bowl of Falernian wine.

Note L. Page 16.

Dictean Jove, so called from his having been educated on Mount Dicte, in Crete, where was a very ancient oracle

in his honour. For some excellent poetry on the golden age, which terminated by the expulsion of Saturn by Jupiter, I refer my readers to *Ovid. Metamorph. Lib. I. Fab.* 3. Addison has imitated this fable very happily.

V. THE ADVENTURES OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Note M. Page 20.

- " The mountains hear the sister Dryads' moan,
- " And Rhodope's vast rock returns the groan,
- " And high Pangea, martial Rhesus, share
- " Orithyia's, Hebrus', Getæ's care!"

I cannot persuade myself but that the poet here figuratively represents even inanimate objects as joining the Dryads in their lament for Eurydice; thus at the same time encreasing the imaginative spirit and sympathetic pleasure, which every one of taste and feeling must enjoy in the perusal of this delightful episode. But I am acquainted with those far better qualified to form a correct opinion on the subject, who think the names of places here put for the inhabitants of such places.

I bring to the field the result of but scanty reading;—
of what little has come under my eye, this relation of the
affecting story of Orpheus and Eurydicè has assuredly impressed the most vivid feeling of its unrivalled elegance and
excellence. The surpassing sweetness of versification, the
morality of sentiment, the imaginative force, the touching
simile, the beautiful connection of ideas preserved throughout, and that unearthly spirit which pervades it, all unite to
render it the most consummate effort of, perhaps, the most perfect poet the world has ever seen.

The first choral ode of that noble tragedy, the Prometheus of Æschylus, bears great analogy to the more immediate subject of this note. The chorus, after eloquently lamenting the woes of Prometheus, and describing a variety of nations as joining in their grief, thus conclude:

" Μονον δη προσθεν αλλον εν πονοις." κ. τ. λ.

Line 433, edit. Scholefield.

- "Another only Titan have I view'd,
- "In adamantine grief by Gods subdued :--
- "Atlas,-who, with eterne surpassing might,
 - "Doth groan beneath the freight

- " Of the supernal pole.
- "For him the tides of ocean wailing roll,
- "And earthly caves emit a deep'ning sigh;
- "And hell's obscure recesses sound reply;
- "And fountains, whence the limpid rivers flow,
 "Murmur a pitying woe."
- "PROMETHEUS BOUND," translated from the Greek,* by the author of "An Essay on Mind, and other Poems:" page 27.
- Though I am denied the pleasure of making more personal reference to the fair author of the elegant volume here quoted: (an author, of whose name the learned world, to which she is so bright an ornament, surely cannot long be kept in ignorance,) I must congratulate myself on the fact that, to the best of my knowledge, this little work is the first, ever graced with an extract from a Greek Tragedy translated by a lady. May it be far from proving the last. I have before ventured on a few remarks respecting the ordinary pursuits of female education; and I would indulge a hope that this very scholar-like production may contribute to a salutary change in the mental discipline of the fair sex; few, very few of whom can expect to emulate its accomplished authoress. I confidently appeal to the critique on Æschylus, which prefaces her "Prometheus Bound," in support of this sentiment. It is worthy the attentive regard of all who would properly appreciate the merits of that great master of Greek Tragedy.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

PHARSALIA OF LUCAN.

THE CHARACTERS

OF

CÆSAR AND POMPEY CONTRASTED.

BOOK I. 110-56.

Not all that ocean, earth, the boundless world,
Holds in its ample bosom, could afford
Sufficient for the Chiefs' divided reign.
For ruptur'd was their blood's uniting bond,
Their friendship sever'd, quench'd the nuptial flame,

When Julia's death the cruel Fates decreed.

Oh! had they yet upheld thy setting sun,

How might the wife her husband have restrain'd,

Her sire the daughter! As the Sabine dames

Their sires and husbands reconcil'd, had'st thou

Struck the drawn sword from each contending hand!

Thy death dissolves their faith; they burn for war.

And emulation fires their envious breasts.

Lest to new deeds his vet'ran triumphs yield,
Or conquer'd Gaul his naval crowns obscure,
Is Pompey's dread;—ambitious Cæsar boasts
Success in war; his custom in the fight;
His fav'ring fortune, spurning second place.

Each burns with jealousy; for this disdains A rival's fame, and that, an equal's power. And who shall justly judge the better cause, When each a mighty patron boasts;—the Gods Their Cæsar own, the vanquish'd, Cato shields? Nor came they equal to the field; the one Was fleetly verging on senility: Declining years, the statesman's peaceful robe, Unlearnt the gen'ral's arts: his thirst for fame The people's plaudits quench'd: and recompens'd He own'd his ev'ry bounty, if the crowds Re-echoed through the theatre his praise. Nor cared he to recruit the soldier's force. But much on Fortune's former smiles relied: He stood, the shadow of a mighty name!

As some tall oak uprears its sacred brow,
With spoils, and ancient warriors' chaplets bound;
When, lost the pristine vigour of its root,
Fixt by its weight it stands; its naked boughs
No verdure boast; but yields its giant trunk
A leafless shade, and nods at every blast:—
If thousand trees in greener glory rise,
This wears the honour of the grove alone!

But Cæsar's greatness was not the renown,
The fame alone of what he once had been;
Uncurb'd his valour, unconfin'd his ends,
His only shame from battle to retreat.
Indomitably fierce, where hope, or rage
His footsteps led, he urg'd the jav'lin's point:

Still feasted with success, and fav'ring Heav'n

He forc'd whate'er his dauntless aim oppos'd,

And triumph'd in the ruin which he spread!

So terribly, when crash the riven skies,

The lightning pours its glory on the world;

Its forked brilliancy obscures the day,

The sun-beams breaks, dismays the frighten'd throngs,

Nor spares its very shrine! Resistless falls,
Returns resistless! Desolation spreads.
At every flash, and re-collects its fires!

CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON.

BOOK I. 183-212.

Now o'er the frozen Alps had Cæsar wound
His toilsome march; and, fraught with enterprise,
Revolv'd the dangers of th' approaching war.
He stood, where Rubicon its water rolls;
And lo! before his gaze astonish'd Rome
Rose like a spectre! Thro' the mist of night
The vision shone: and o'er her tow'ring brow

She pour'd her hoary locks, and bar'd her arms,
And thus half spoke, half groan'd:—

"What further shore

- "Ye warriors, seek ye? Where my standards bear?
- "If for your right as citizens ye come,
- "Here hold! No more advance!"

elitar dioat

A shiv'ring dread

Thrill'd through the gen'ral's frame! Wild terror

His stiffen'd hair; his footsteps languor froze

Fast on the river's brink, as thus he pray'd:—

"Oh thou, who, thund'ring from Tarpeia's height,

- "The wide-spread city view'st! Ye Phrygian Gods,
- "Your Cæsar's ancestors! Ye secret rites
- "Of Romulus departed! Latian Jove
- "Who reign'st on Alba's summit! Vestal fires!
- "But chief, thou highest power, eternal Rome,
- "Thy soldier prosper! Never will he hurl
- "Destruction on thee! Victor in the fight
- "By sea, by land, on thee his laurels hang:
- "Then own him still assertor of thy cause,
- "And spurn the wretch who CESAR deems thy foe."

Then, rushing to the fight, he bore the banners Swift thro' the swelling tide! So when his foe The lion views, on Libya's sultry plain,

He cow'ring shrinks, in agony of doubt

While he his rage resumes. But, lash'd his side

Sharp with his mighty tail; his mane erect;

And yawning hideous with terrific roar:

Tho' the swift Moors their barbëd arrows hurl,

And jav'lins crowd upon his spacious breast,

He braves their fury, and retires secure!

THE INTERVIEW

OF

BRUTUS AND CATO,

AND

RE-MARRIAGE OF MARCIA.

BOOK II. 234-391.

Still undismay'd was Brutus:—pallid dread

The mourning nation wrapp'd in speechless woe;

No terror thrill'd in that courageous soul!

But, in the dead of night, when half obscur'd

Was Helicè's pale beam, he wound his way

To Cato's humble dwelling. There the sage

In sleepless care revolv'd the public weal,

And shrunk for Rome, and shar'd the common woe,

Though in himself secure. —Thus Brutus spoke:—

- "Oh thou to whom forsaken Virtue flies,
- "Her only refuge! From whose holy breast
- "No storms can chase her! Speak; direct my thoughts;
- "Confirm my doubts; and fortify my soul!
- " Let others rush to arms in Cæsar's cause,
- " Or Pompey's legions swell: then Cato, none
- "Shall Brutus sway. But say, dost thou retain
- "Unshaken course in this distracted world,

- "And peace defend? Or rather would'st thou yield
- "To gen'rals' faction, people's furious rage,
- "And hurry tort'ring Rome to civil war?
- "Discern'st thou not that each his private ends
- "To battle move: these, their polluted homes;
- " These peace renounce, lest violated laws
- "Should hurl destruction on their impious brows;
- "And these on bright anticipations build,
- "Compell'd by want to seek a better fate
- "E'en at the world's expense! But justice none
- " Excites to arms: they seek the battle field,
- "And wield the falchion, for the conqueror's spoil!
- "Does love of war to war thy thoughts incline?

- "What! though the world were buried deep in guile,
- "Hast thou preserv'd immaculate thy soul,
- "And liv'd, in Virtue's fall, the one good man,
- "For this reward? No, Cato! war may raise
- "The wretch from ruin, but 'twill ruin thee!
- ("Ye guardian Gods! forbid the deadly strife;
- " Permit not that the sword those hands pollute,
- " Nor hurl your arrows thro' a night of clouds,
- "Nor bury Cato's worth in public grief!)
- "On thee the fortunes of the war would flow;
- "Who'ld but rejoice from Cato's sword to fall?
- "And who'ld, thou writhing 'neath another's arm,
- "But envy to declare 'Twas Cato's crime'?
- "Far better to preserve thy tranquil seat

- "Secure from strife; unshaken wind thy way,
- "As heavenly stars in settled orbits roll.
- "The lower sky the lightning burns; the winds
- "O'ersweep the earth; the meteor's blazing ball
- "Severs the clouds, and fires the path it rends:
- "But, tow'ring o'er the wreck of elements,
- "Olympus rides secure, and spurns their crash!
- "What the blast the atoms fly?
- "Fixt and immoveable the mountains reign.
- "Yes! happy sounds in Cæsar's ear would peal,
- "That noble Cato sought the battle field.
- "Thy choice in Pompey's cause he ne'er would grieve;
- "Enough for him that one so wise, so good,
- "Rose o'er the ranks of either. When in arms

- "The Senate, Consuls, Nobles stand, if thou
- "Succumb to Pompey's yoke, the world will boast
- "Her Cæsar only free. But if the laws
- "And liberties of Rome demand our swords,
- "Nor Pompey's enemy, nor Cæsar's foe,
- "Will Brutus stand, but 'gainst the victor rise."

He stid; and Cato, from his inmost soul, ...

These sacred sounds return'd:-

"I freely own

- "The height of crime is civil war: but Fate
- "Still Virtue's guidance boasts; and Gods decree
- "My guilt or innocence. Be their's the crime!
- "Could man, himself secure, unmov'd behold
- "The world's destruction, and the planets' fall?

- "And who, amid the elemental war,
- "When Earth and Heaven shall totter from their base,
- "Will hear the mighty crash, and fold his arms?
- "Shall alien chiefs a distant ocean plough,
- "And swell Hesperia's rage, and Latium's ranks,
- "And Cato rest in apathy? Ye Gods,
- "Far hence remove your wrath; forbid the shame!
- "May never Rome, while Dacia's armies rush
- "To yield her succour, Cato call in vain!
- "As grief commands the mourning parent swell
- "The funeral pomp, and lead the last sad rites,
- "The flambeau bear, and light the gloomy pyre,
- "And linger o'er his lost one's obsequies;
- "I never will desert my country's cause;

- "But cleave to Rome and liberty, and love
- "Her lifeless corse, and e'en her shade embrace!
- "Thus let it be! if angry Heav'n demand
- "A sacrifice of Roman blood, shall we
- "Forsake the field? No! rather will we court
- "The sanguine scene, than thwart the rage of Heav'n!
- "Would that the wreck of this devoted head
- " Might expiate the crime, appease the Gods!
- "As Decius rush'd among the hostile bands
- " His country's martyr; in the thickest fight
- "Would Cato stand; and brave the clashing spears,
- "And court the darts of Rhine's barbarian sons:
- " Erect amid the battle's fury, bare

- "His bleeding breast, and glory in his wounds!
- "Flow on, ye purple currents; and redeem
- "Whatever punishment o'er Rome impends!
- "Why falls a nation, easy of controul,
- "And ready to endure the sternest rule?
- "Here point the jav'lin; let the sword reward
- "My sole activity in Freedom's cause.
- "These streaming veins shall peace restore, and end
- "Hesperia's labour: and the need of war
- "Will die with my desire to hold our reign.
- "But seek we Pompey's standards? Fortune's smile
- "May kindle his ambitious hopes, and fan
- "A latent spark for undivided sway.

- "Then let him know that CATO shar'd his toil;
- "Nor deem he conquered for bimself alone!"

The patriot spoke; and sharp the chords of ire In Brutus' bosom thrill'd: his youthful breast Too ardent glow'd with thirst for civil war!

And now, as dawning Phœbus chas'd the shades,
The stricken doors resounded; and appear'd
Chaste Marcia, mourning from Hortensius' urn,
Her eyes bedew'd with tears! A happier bed
And better spouse her maiden marriage blest;
When, thrice the hope of wedlock crown'd, he bade
The matron fertilize another's hearth,
And join her alien husbands by her blood.

This second's embers buried in the tomb,

With mournful countenance, dishevelled hair.

Breast sore with frequent stripes, and forehead black

With ashes from the pyre, the sorrower sought

Her former spouse, and thus her plaint began;—

- "While all a mother's vigour fir'd my veins,
- "Thy mandates I fulfill'd, and, pregnant, blest
- "Another Lord. Now, Cato, worn with toil,
- " Exhausted by maternal pain, to thee
- "I undefil'd return. Acknowledge, then,
- "Thy spotless bride; renew our ancient bonds;
- "Give me the name of wedlock, and permit
- "That 'Cato's Wife' be graven on my tomb.

- "And oh! may never after ages doubt
- "If guilt estrang'd thy Marcia, or thy bed
- "She ne'er deserted, save at thy command.
- "I ask not days of happiness; to live
- "Companion of thy joy, but seek to share
- "Thy labour, to participate thy toil.
- "Give me to follow in the battle-train!
- "Shall Marcia pine in undisturb'd repose,
- "While dwells Cornelia mid the roar of war?"

The patriot heard her plaintive tale, and tho'
Unmeet for marriage roll'd the hostile age,
And loudly Fate to fields of carnage call'd;
He weds, without the wedding pomp; and none
But heav'nly powers attest his plighted hand.

No festive garland wav'd across the hall; No snowy fleece around the porch was wreath'd; No nuptial torches blaz'd; no gilded bed With broid'ry hung, to ivory steps acclin'd; No matron, while the fillet press'd her brow, Forbade the fair th' adopted threshold cross: No yellow veil, to hide the orient blush Of maiden modesty, array'd the bride; No gemmeous zone her flowing garments bound; Her neck no pearls adorn'd; no ample shawl Stream'd from her shoulder o'er her elbow bare :-Just as she was, in weeds of widowhood, She met her husband's, as a son's embrace! No sparkling wit, no Sabine merriment

For marriage meet, the sorrowing bridegroom heard;

No children, no relations throng'd around:—
But, lock'd their lips, they join'd their plighted hands,

And only Brutus view'd the silent rite!

Nor yet did Cato shear his rugged brow;

Nor yet a smile athwart his features play;

When first he saw his country's strife, 'twas grief

That bade the matted hoar his forehead shade,
And locks of sadness o'er his cheek descend!

Free from the cares and hates of meaner souls,
The patriot liv'd, to mourn for human-kind!

Nor yet did young Desire his bosom warm

To seek th' accustom'd bed; his nuptial love He justly temper'd by his piety! And these his morals: to preserve a mean Nor pass the goal; to live by nature's laws; To pour his life-blood at his country's call; To deem the end of being was to bless The world! To conquer hunger was his feast; His palace, to protect from Winter's cold; His richest vest, a home-spun kirtle, round His body gather'd; -such, in Rome's best days, The old Quiritës wore! Of marriage rite He knew nor aim nor object, but increase. The city's father, and the city's husband; The boast of Justice, and the pride of Worth; He liv'd, he lov'd, he wedded, and would bleed; 'Twas all for common good; on cherish'd Rome

He shower'd the blessings which from Virtue

flow'd,

And bought no pleasure for himself alone!

THE PARTING

OF

POMPEY AND CORNELIA.

BOOK V. 722-815.

When in array was Cæsar's army rang'd,

And instant peril of a hard fought field

Great Pompey threaten'd, he a refuge sought

In distant Lesbos, far from battle roar,

For thee, Cornelia. O'er the firmest souls

How potent is of wedded love the sway!

'Twas wedded love that Pompey's ardour chill'd;

The world's dominion, and the fate of Rome He'd fain resign to Fortune; but his wife! The very name his mighty soul subdued. And oft he vainly strives to lisp the thoughts Which crowd upon his mind; and still delights To blandish sorrow by renew'd delay! Twas at the dead of night, her slumber broke, Cornelia clasp'd the care-worn breast, and sought The welcome kiss of her retiring spouse; And wonder'd at his tear-dew'd cheek; and wounds

Unfathomable pierc'd her to the soul;

Nor dared she further court her Lord's caress!

The soldier wept:

- "My bosom wife! more dear
- "Than life, when life was dearest; now approach
- "The hours of sorrow, long, too long delay'd,
- " And still too swift their advent, when his force
- "Dread Cæsar marches to the battle field!
- "Then oh! to Lesbos, Love, a safe retreat;
- " Nor urge those winning prayers: necessity
- " Alone upholds me in the parting pang:
- "Their joys, when battle rages, all must yield.
- " Nor deem remote the distance; soon, too soon
- "The sad event will reach thee :- if destruction
- "Burst like a torrent o'er the gen'rals' brow,
- " Enough for thee to hear of Pompey's fall.
- "Say, has the justice of thy love deceiv'd;

- " And can'st thou bear behold a civil war?
- "Twould shame thy Pompey, 'mid the clang of arms,
- "To pillow on the bosom of his bride;
- "And, when the roar of trump shall shake the world
- " Embath'd in sorrow, rise from thine embrace.
- " I dread the strife, and prematurely grieve,
- " If thou participate the soldier's toil.
- "Go, safe at distance; shun the roar of war,
- "The woes of kings and people; nor sustain
- "The bitter burden of thy Pompey's fate.
- " So may my better half remain, to share
- "The blessing, if the Gods attend our arms:

- " If fortune frown, thy fond caress will yield
- "A welcome succour from the victor's sword!"

She heard, and sunk beneath her weight of woe;

All sense deserted her astonish'd breast:!

Then, as she rallied, thus she pour'd her wail:

- " I cannot, Pompey, for the Gods' decree
- "That death should quench our nuptial flame, lament.
- " No such calamity dissolves our love;
- " No pyre's extremest blaze; 'tis mine to mourn
- "A frequent, a plebeian lot, divorce.
- "But ah! thy foster-father bids, and we

- " Must break our wedlock, at a foe's advance.
- " And hast thou thus Cornelia's truth esteem'd?
- " Dost deem another lot than thine can yield
- "Thy wife security? In joy, in woe,
- " Our hopes have e'er united hung; and now,
- "When ruin can but speed thy glory, say,
- "Why bid me roam in exile, and expose
- "To every storm an unprotected brow?
- "I know the burden of thy pray'r, to fall;
- " And fix'd to thee thy fortune seems: but I
- " Can ne'er succumb to evil, and thy form
- "Will follow to the shades; and mournful Fame
- "Shall swell the sorrow to remotest earth!
- "Inur'd to fate art thou: but why in rage
- "Unexorable, with a tide of grief

- "O'erwhelm thy spouse; which (yet forgive the grant,)
- "She dreads to suffer? Shall Cornelia last
- "The joyful tiding learn, if Heav'n its ear
- " Accline propitious, and regard our vows?
- " A rock shall be her refuge; there she'll stand
- " For thee solicitous; and dread the bark
- "Which bears thy destiny, however glad!
- " Nor shall a prosp'rous tiding quell my fear;
- "For Cæsar, as he flies, may seize thy bride
- "Expos'd on neutral ground: and who will fail,
- "If there reposes Pompey's wife, to think
- "How fam'd a refuge Mitylenè yields?
- "But oh! attend my parting pray'r; than flight
- "If nought await thine arms, the luckless bark

"Which bears thee through the main, to distance steer;

"The foe will seek thee on Cornelia's shore."

She spoke; and wildly from the bed she sprung, Unwilling to procrastinate the pain.

Nor clasp'd she Pompey's heaving breast, nor wound

About his neck in sweet embrace; but thus

Perish'd the hopes of such enduring love.

They sped their sorrow; nor could either bear

To lisp adieu; an hour so fraught with grief

They ne'er had known; this hour their minds

inur'd

To brave with fortitude all other ill.

And now the miserable bride is borne

Where swells the main; and prostrate on the sand,

She grasps the very shore: and now the maids
Her drooping body to the vessel raise.
Not thus unhappy, when dread Cæsar's arms...
Oppress'd her country, from Hesperia's ports
She sorrowing fled. Now Pompey's faithful wife
Roams solitary thro' a desert waste,
Her Pompey flies! Night came. Then first she

The winter of a widow'd bed. Did sleep

Her eyelids close? Ah, no! She ne'er enjoy'd

An unparticipated rest; nor sunk

To soft repose, but in her husband's arms!

knew

How oft, in after-time, her senses lock'd

In slumber, has she press'd a vacant couch,

And mourn'd beguil'd embrace! How oft essay'd,

When darkness reign'd, to clasp her absent spouse,

And felt divorce's obloquy! And now,

Though latent flames her deepest marrow burn,

She pleasures not to toss her fever'd form

Throughout the bed, but shuns her Pompey's

place,

And dreads to feel his absence. But the Gods

A darker doom decree: the hour arrives

Which Pompey to the bride indeed shall bring!

CÆSAR'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BOOK VII. 250-329.

YE warrior hosts, controllers of the world,
Props of my fortune, on to wish'd-for fight!
No prayers can aid us now; the battle reddens;
Strike onward, comrades; let the gory sword
Decide the strife; your Cæsar trusts his all
To your victorious hands! This day shall crown
The pledge at Rubicon, our toil requite,
Our ancient glory, long deferr'd, renew.

This very day, the triumph earn'd, restore

Our darling homes and offspring, and prepare

The ceaseless pleasures of a rural life.

Can fate decide the better cause? This fight

Shall rout the guilty, shall reward the just!

Have ye for Cæsar erst your country scourg'd

With sword and flame? Now let the self-same blade,

For freedom brandish'd, expiate the crime.

Change but the umpire, and what hostile hand
Is wholly innocent? I court not fame
Nor glory; 'tis for you alone I wield
The gen'ral's sway; that you and Rome may boast
Unbounded freedom, universal power!

Ambitious! No; your Cæsar fain would court

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The homely toga; and o'erjoy'd return

To quaff the pleasure which retirement yields.

'Tis patriot zeal which bids him stake his fame

For Rome's dominion, that the world be yours.

And deem not that for liberty ye'll wade

Thro' seas of blood; a beardless band defies

Your vet'ran might; the dastards of the schools

Of Greece; unlearn'd in hardy sport, they cow'r

E'en 'neath the weight of arms. And swells their

A band of wild barbarians, in the fight
Undisciplin'd; the very roar of trump
And clangour of their arms will spread dismay.
A civil war! To crush the foes of Rome,
And rid the nations of a race of slaves!

On thro' the coward crew, and at a blow Subdue the world, and manifest your might; Not all the alien crowds which Pompey led In chariots to the city, can secure A single triumph o'er such ranks as yours. What boots Armenia, whether friend or foe The Roman sceptre wield? :: Or who would pour, Of Pompey's barb'rous bands, a drop of blood To bail him Lord of Spain? The sons of Rome They hate; and most, their best-known chiefs despise.

But me benignant Heav'n has blest with friends

Well tried and strong: in countless wars has

Gaul

Their valour witness'd, fighting at my side.

Say, can a soldier wield his sword, and I

Forget my vet'ran comrade? Can a spear

Sever the air, and Cæsar fail to tell

The arm which bade it fly? The boding frown,

The threat'ning eye, sure earnest to your chief

Of ready victory, again I hail:

Again thro' gory torrents seem to wade;

Again thro' gory torrents seem to wade;

And monarchs spurn'd, and scatter'd senates,

float

With troops of slaughter'd down the crimson tide!

But oh! forgive the voice which dares delay

Your rush to fight: I see your poisëd spears,

And pant with hope: sure never did the Gods

So near approach, such mighty deeds advance.

Then scour the narrow plain: 'twill crown our vows;

And fate permits that I, the battle won, The boast of kings and people shall bestow. Ye powers! by what portent of Heav'n, what star Roll'd from its ancient orbit, do ye hurl Such vast events on Thessalv? To day Or victory brings, or war's remorse prepares! Behold your Cæsar's cross, behold the chains, This head rais'd in the Rostrum, and these limbs Expanded on the rack; the Septa's crime, The closen Martian field with slaughter flooded. With Sylla's peer a civil war we wage. Your cause my arms excites; to me, secure My doom will aye remain: and he, the first

Who flies before a yet unconquer'd foe,

Bathed in my bosom shall this blade behold!

Ye Gods! whose care the Earth, the Roman toil

Allures from Heav'n, success his arms attend,
Who ne'er will bury a destroying sword
In slaughter of the vanquish'd, nor pronounce
His comrades worsted, in their crime's avenge.
When Pompey held your ranks in straiten'd ground,

And nought your valour, in the pass, avail'd,

How deep in gore he plung'd his murd'rous blade!

Yet this I pray you, youths; who sounds retreat

Before your conquering arms, in mercy spare;

A citizen the fugitive esteem.

But, while the jav'lins glisten, never hear

Compassion's echo; nay; and tho' your sires

Array the hostile van, a reckless sword

Plunge in their hallow'd brow. And let the steel,

Whether affection's bond it burst, or pierce

No kindred breast, fall fiercely on the foe:

Esteem it crime an enemy to spare.

Then break the ramparts, desolate the trenches,

And on to battle in united arms.

Nor spare the camp: but forward to the forts

From whence advance your victims.

seeral is all productions of

CATO'S REPLY TO LABIENUS,

Who bade him consult the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, in the desarts of Libya.

BOOK IX. 564-584.

FRAUGHT with the God his bosom even bore, He spoke; and worthy of a shrine his words:

- "What Labienus, bidst me question? Whether
- "The better wish in freedom's cause to fall,
- "Or own a tyrant's stern dominion? Whether
- "A thing of nought be life; and, long or short,

- "It little differ? If the mightiest storm
- "Can shake the good? If Fortune 'gainst the just
- "Her arrows hurl in vain? If love of praise
- "Excite to virtue; and if honest purpose
- " Above the breath of circumstances soar?
- "All this we know; nor yet can Ammon deeper
- "Enroot the knowledge. To the powers above
- "We ever cleave; and tho' the oracle
- " Its silence still maintain, we ne'er can act
- " Except as Heav'n decrees. Divinity
- "Ne'er speaks its will by soothsayers; on man,
- "When first creation rose, th' Almighty pour'd
- "The meed of knowledge; has he chosen, then,
- "A barren waste for partial prophesy,

- "And buried truth in this abyss of sand?
- "Has God a temple, save the earth, the main,
- "The air, the heav'n, and virtue? Wherefore, then,
- "Dost further question? In whate'er thou seest,
- "Where'er tho' wind'st thy way, there reigneth Jove.
- "Let dastards, ever doubting future fate,
- "To sorcerers repair; no oracle
- "My faith can fix; that death is sure, I know;
- "Know that the brave must as the coward fall:
- "And thus, for me, hath Jove enough declar'd."

NOTES

TO

SELECTIONS FROM THE PHARSALIA.

I. THE CHARACTERS OF CÆSAR AND POMPEY CONTRASTED.

Note A. Page 56.

- " As some tall oak uprears its sacred brow,
- " With spoils, and ancient warriors' chaplets bound."

Holyday observes that the manner of raising a trophy after a victory, was "by cutting down a tree, lopping off its branches, fixing it in the ground, and then hanging upon it the spoils wonne from the enemie;" and his account corresponds with those of the ancient poets. Thus Juvenal, (Sat. X. 133,)

100

- "Bellorum exuviæ, truncis affixa tropæis
- " Lorica, et fractà de casside buccula pendens,
- " Et curtum temone jugum, victæque triremis
- " Aplustre."
- "The spoils of war; the trunk in triumph placed,
- " With all the trophies of the battle graced,
- " Crush'd helms, and batter'd shields, and streamers borne
- " From vanquish'd fleets, and beams from chariots torn."

GIFFORD.

Thus also Statius (Thebais, Lib. II. 707.)

- " Quercus erat teneræ jamjudum oblita juventæ;
- " Huic leves galeas, perfossaque vulnere crebro
- " Inserit arma."

There stood an oak, whose sapling youth had long From Memory's record been eras'd, and there The helms, the shields by countless lances pierc'd, He hung.

The oak was thus honoured, from its consecration to Jupiter; to whom, as the chief of Gods and men, the spoils of war were pre-eminently due; but the olive was sometimes selected for this purpose, as the emblem of peace, one of the consequents of war.

Note B. Page 57.

" Nor. spares its very shrine!"

I can find no account of any temple dedicated to the lightning, as a Divinity; but the poet probably alludes to the temple of Jupiter *Tonans*, the *Thunderer*.

The learned and truly critical Prebendary Urquhart remarks on this passage; "Nothing can exceed the portraits of Cæsar and Pompey, put in opposition in the first book, which are written with incomparable taste." And surely the similes to either general; Pompey, the venerable oak, which, having endured the brunt of ages, still towers over its fellowforesters, and "wears the honours of the grove alone;" Cæsar, the dauntless warrior, rushing against his country, as the lightning rends the very shrine consecrated to its worship; are conceptions equally bold, poetical, and faithful.

II. CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON.

Note C. Page 58.

"Lo! before his gaze astonish'd Rome
"Rose like a spectre!"

Unfortunately for Lucan, this noble phantom of his weeping country, is the only fiction in the Pharsalia. It has always been considered exquisite both in design and execution; and sufficiently evinces the strength and originality of its author's genius.

Note D. Page 59, 60.

- " Oh thou, who, thund'ring from Tarpeia's height,
- "The wide-spread city view'st! Ye Phrygian Gods,
- " Your Cæsar's ancestors! Ye secret rites
- " Of Romulus departed! Latian Jove
- " Who reign'st on Alba's summit! Vestal fires!"

On the Tarpeian rock, was built the Capitol, a very celebrated temple and fortress. It derived its name from the reputed circumstance, that when the foundation was dug, in the reign of Servius Tullius, the head of a certain Olus, or Tolus, (Caput Oli, vel Toli,) was found with the face entire.

It appears from some authors, that the Capitol contained three different temples, dedicated respectively to Jupiter, Minerva, and Juno. Others, with Lucan, in the passage under consideration, mention Jupiter alone as the object of its consecration. As a citadel, its great strength rendered it of the highest importance to the security of Rome. It was several times destroyed by fire, and as often rose from its ashes in encreased splendour. We read in Suetonius of the munificence of Augustus in endowing this stronghold: as a single donation, he once presented 2000 pounds weight of gold. Plutarch says, that in the reign of Domitian, its very gilding cost 12,000 talents, (£1,976,250.)

It was the great wish of Julius Cæsar, and his successors in the Roman empire, to impress their subjects with the idea that Æneas, son of Anchises and Venus, and, as Homer traces his genealogy, of the race of Jupiter, was called into their country by the express order of the Gods, and made king of it by the will of heaven, as well as every human right; that there was an uninterrupted succession of kings from him to Romulus; that in this line the sceptre was to remain for ever, conquering, and to conquer; and that they (the Cæsars) were the direct descendants of Iulus or Asca-

nius, son of Æneas. To confirm this opinion of their lineage was the great political object of the Æneid of Virgil, and we find frequent allusions to it throughout the poem. Thus, (Lib. I. 290,)

- " Nascetur pulchra Trojanus origine Cæsar,
- "Imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris,
- "Julius, a magno demissum nomen Iülo."
- "Then Cæsar from the Julian stock shall rise,
- "Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
- " Alone shall bound."

DRYDEN.

Suetonius records an extract from a funeral oration delivered by Julius Cæsar over one of his female relatives, boasting her maternal descent from Ancus Martius, and her paternal from Venus. (Suet. in Julio, cap. VI.) The general here invokes the household Gods, brought from Troy by Æneas.

It was the current opinion, that Romulus was miraculously conveyed to heaven; and this opinion was confirmed by an eclipse of the sun happening at the time of his disappearance; and by the solemn declaration of one of the senate, that, as he was returning from Alba, the founder of Rome appeared to him in a superhuman form, and commanded that divine worship might be paid him, under the name Quirinus. A temple was erected, and a priest, called Flamen Quirinalis, appointed, to officiate in certain mystic ceremonies instituted in his honour.

Tarquin the Proud, seventh king of Rome, ordained that the Latins should hold festivals to Jupiter on Mount Albanus, during fifteen consecutive days in every year.

Any protracted discussion on the mysteries of Vesta, would here be irrelevant. Be it sufficient to observe that a certain number of virgins, from whom a vow of celibacy for thirty years was required, were selected as priestesses of that Goddess; and that their principal duty was to feed the sacred fire kindled in the sanctuary of their divinity, the extinguishing of which foreboded the direct calamities to the state. But the poet had probably another reason for introducing "Vestal fires" into Cæsar's invocation: this general's supposed ancestor, Æneas, first brought the mysteries of Vesta into Italy, from Troy.

III. THE INTERVIEW OF BRUTUS AND CATO, AND RE-MARRIAGE OF MARCIA.

Note E. Page 62.

- " But, in the dead of night, when half obscured
- " Was Helice's pale beam,"

When I rendered this passage, I did not recollect that the constellation *Helicè*, answering to our *Great Bear*, could never set in the latitude of Rome. I have since arrived at the gorgeous description of the shield of Achilles, which concludes the eighteenth book of the Iliad; on one compartment of which Vulcan is said to have chased

The earth, the heav'n, the tide,
The restless sun, the moon's expanded pride,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and Orion's might,
The Bear, (the Northern Wain by others hight,)
Which high revolves, observes Orion's train,
Nor bathes its quenchless glory in the main.*

^{*} Εν μεν γάιαν ετευξε, εν δ' ουρανον, εν δε θαλασσαν, κ. τ. λ. ΙΛΙΑΔ. Σ. 483.

107

On examining Lucan's expression in connexion with this, and recalling to my memory the opening of Anacreon's beautiful and playful third ode:

- " Μεσονυκτιοις ποθ ώραις,
- " Στρεφεται ότ' Αρκτος ηδη
- " Κατα χειρα την Βοωτου."
- "Twas noon of night, when round the pole
- "The sullen Bear is seen to roll;" MOORE.

I discovered my mistaken translation, and beg to suggest the following substitute:—

> But, in the dead of night, when round the pole, Had Helice advanced, &c.

Note F. Page 66.

- " The lower sky the lightning burns; the winds
- " O'ersweep the earth; the meteor's blazing ball
- " Severs the clouds, and fires the path it rends:
- " But, tow'ring o'er the wreck of elements,
- " Olympus rides secure, and spurns their crash!"

The fine contrasts between heaven and earth which so

conspicuously adorn the pages of many ancient poets, all, probably, owe their origin to the following sublime passage from Homer:—

- " Ουλυμπον δ', όθι φασι θεών έδος ασφαλες αιει
- " Εμμεναι' ουτ' ανεμοισι τινασσεται, ουτε ποτ' ομβρφ
- " Δενεται, ουτε γιων επιπιλναται αλλα μαλ' αιθρη
- "Πεπταται αννεφελος, λευκη δ' επιδεδρομεν αιγλη."

ΟΔΥΣ. Ζ. 42.

- "The seat of Gods; the regions mild of peace,
- "Full joy, and calm eternity of ease.
- "There no rude winds presume to sweep the skies,
- "No rains descend, no snowy vapours rise;
- "But on immortal thrones the blest repose;
- "The firmament with living splendour glows."

POPE.

The learned Samuel Clarke, in his note on this celebrated passage, brings forward a collection of imitations from the Classic Poets: but as I do not possess his edition of the Odyssey, I must be content with this reference, particularly directing the attention of the tasteful reader to the magnificent lines

he adduces from Lucretius. One parallel, which appears to me far above mediocrity, he has omitted. It is from Claudian; (De Cons. Mall. Theodor. v. 206.)

" Altus Olympi

- "Vertex, qui spatio ventos hyemesque relinquit;
- "Perpetuum nulla temeratus nube serenum,
- "Celsior exsurgit pluviis, auditque ruuntes
- "Sub pedibus nimbos, et rauca tonitrua calcat."
 - "Towers Olympus into Heaven, and far
- "Hath left beneath the elements' puny war;
- "But rears for ever there its changeless form,
- "Undimm'd by darkness, unprofan'd by storm,
- "Above the rain-cloud, and that gloomier mass
- "Where roll the thunders, and the lightnings flash,
- "Looks from its summit throne o'er boundless space,
- "And scorns the tumult murmuring at its base."

Hon. and Rev. Henry Howard.

Note G. Page 68.

- " As grief commands the mourning parent swell
- " The funeral pomp, and lead the last sad rites,
- " The flambeau bear, and light the gloomy pyre,
- "And linger o'er his lost one's obsequies."

It was the melancholy duty of the nearest relatives to perform all the offices about the dead. Thus Hippolytus, about to expire, calls on his father Theseus to veil his face; (*Burip. Hippol.* 1458.); we here read of the parent applying the first torch to the pyre of his son, which Virgil speaks of as an established custom; (*Encid.* vi. 223.); and Juvenal mentions, in his inimitable tenth satire, the expected presence of survivors at the funeral ceremonies of deceased relatives, as a principal evil consequent on protracted years.

Note H. Page 74.

- " No matron, while the fillet press'd her brow
- " Forbade the fair th' adopted threshold cross."

On the first entrance of a Roman bride into her husband's house, a matron, crowned with flowers, lifted her over the threshold. For a newly-married woman to touch this part with her feet was deemed ominous, from its consecration to Vesta, the goddess of virgins. Beautiful as the genius of our poet has rendered his description of the re-marriage of Cato and Marcia, scarcely less valuable is it as a record of antiquity. We possess, I believe, no account of the Roman nuptial ceremonials, so condensed, and at the same time so complete. Few and unimportant are the incidents which the bard has not negatively adduced.

IV. THE PARTING OF POMPEY AND CORNELIA.

Note I. Page 82.

" But ah! thy foster father bids."

It will be recollected that Julia, the daughter of Cæsar, was Pompey's first wife. To Cæsar, then, does Cornelia here refer.

V. CÆSAR'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Note K. Page 93.

- " This head rais'd in the Rostrum, and these limbs
- " Expanded on the rack; the Septa's crime,
- "The closen Martian field with slaughter flooded.

On the murder of any public character, it was customary

for his enemies to fix his head on a spear, and raise it in the rostrum. Such was the ill fate of the patriotic Cicero, whose head and hands, after his base assassination by Herennius, the creature of Antony, were brought back to Rome, and thus exposed. To the Rostrum, as Florus relates, the people ran as eagerly to behold his relics, as they had formerly done to hear his eloquence.

The Septum was an enclosed space of ground in the Campus Martius, where Sylla, in whose interest Pompey had formerly joined, barbarously murdered whole legions of Roman soldiers.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO WINTER.

Hail, monarch of the silver robe!

The whirlwind girds thy form,

Thy shining locks, the isicles,

Thy coronet the storm,

Thy voice, the tempest's melody,

Thy wand, the billow's ffail,

And the whistling winds thy white zone binds:—

The Poet bids thee hail!

Thou wav'st thy wand, the cataracts
With force impetuous rush!
Thou speak'st, and icy manacles
Their foaming waters hush!
Thou bidst, to the noise of the roaring blast
The shrieking Wind-God listens!
Thou op'st thy hand, and the snow-clad land
Like stars on the ocean glistens!

Thy chariot is an hurricane
Tremendous in its speed!
Thy charioteer, bleak Æolus,
Swift Eurus is thy steed:—
His harness is of adamant,
His chirup, the torrent's thunder,

117

His goading lash, the blue meteor's flash, Which tears the skies asunder!

As the wide-spread mantle of smoke conceal'd

The Godhead's fearful light,

When to Israel he stood reveal'd

On Sinai's awful height;—

As her silver veil clothes the Vestal pale,

When she robes her maiden worth;—

So thy phalanx of clouds the red sunbeam shrouds,

So thy tunic of hoar, the earth!

Thou sip'st the kisses of the night;
Her lover sure art thou;

Thou weav'st a wreath of poppies white,

Around Aurora's brow.

Thou quenchest the streams of Apollo's beams
Which spangle the eastern heaven,
And his fire-steeds fly down the western sky,
Like chaff, by the whirlwind driven!

And oh thy breath! 'tis a blast of death

To the forest leaves of green;

Tis a sweeping scathe to the fescue blade,

Spoils the flowers of their summer sheen:—

But lovely still—for congeal it will,

And mirror each form below:—

On the boughs its clusters of sparkling lustre,

Like pearls on the Afric glow!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Is not a sound which Echo pours,

And not a flash which gleams below

Were softer than the thunder's roars,

Or warmer than the lightning's glow;

If not a flower that Earth can give

Could wrap the ravish'd sense in bliss;

Oh! tell me who would wish to live

In such a wilderness as this?

But no! the thunder-blasts appal,
Yet music from the Zephyr streams;
Tho' lightning's chilling bolts may fall,
Yet kindly shine the summer beams;
Tho' thorns a casual stem deform,
To each a crowning rose is given,
To bind its wound, conceal the thorn,
And make the wilderness a heaven!

If sorrow's clouds had ever roll'd,

And all was veil'd in boding night;

The wretched past, a waste untold,

And time without a beacon light;

If not a moral plant would bloom,

And not a virtue yield its kiss,

Oh say! could man endure the gloom

Of such a wilderness as this?

But no! for oft do blushing skies

Repose on Sorrow's misty head,

And bright Imagination's eyes

A halo o'er the future shed;

With young Devotion's rip'ning face,

And Beauty's cheek, to Rapture given,

And Friendship's smile, and Love's embrace,

The wilderness becomes a heaven!

SONG.

When Summer's last lily, lamented, has perish'd The roses, once lov'd, a departure foretell,

And each gem of the garden which Flora has

Is cloy'd with its fragrance, and whispers "farewell,"

cherish'd

To think, or to know that their odorous treasure

Is gather'd in dew, though the flowers droop and
die,

Oh! this to the feeling, is Winter's best pleasure; It dries the big tear-beads which gush from the eye!

Thus sweet are the embers which Fancy enlightens,
Of those o'er whose relics Affection has wept;
Thus pleasing the traces which Memory brightens,
Pourtray'd in the record which Friendship has
kept.

If such recollections your sorrowings banish,

Why weep for the lov'd, for the fairest why
mourn?

Would ye weep for the wild notes of music which vanish,

Should Echo have promised their wilder return?

SERENADE.

TWILIGHT o'er the hills is stealing,
Broader gleams the orb of day,
Evening's dulcet bells are pealing,
Earth's rejoicing:—Come away!
Ere the dew's ambrosial showers
Lull to soft repose the flowers,
Oh! to yonder fairy bowers,
Bathed in beauty, Come away!

Hark! the nightingale is weaving
Requiems, on the forest spray;
And the tender moon is breathing
Stillness round thee;—Come away!
Nature to the air inviting,
Every scene thy soul delighting,
And with novel joys requiting
Every footstep; Come away!

Echo, with the Zephyrs playing,
Murmurs back their roundelay;
Now are thousand stars arraying
Heaven with lustre;—Come away—
Where the lily's silvery lightness
Matches with thy neck in whiteness;

And the rose's vermeil brightness.

Mocks thy blushes; Come away!

Gentle breezes round thee sighing,

Wafting incense on thy way;—

Sylphs on Pleasure's ocean plying

Barks of gladness—Come away!

Rip'ning sweets the spring-buds quaffing,

Fring'd with flowers, the meadows laughing,

Every grove the hawthorn chafing

With its fragrance—Come away!

And a song of war I'll sing thee, Fought by knight for lady gay; And a lay of love I'll bring thee

Meet for maiden;—Come away!

And the hyacinth's scented cluster,

And the violet's purple lustre;—

All the garden's sweets I'll muster.

For thy garland—Come away!

And the whispers of the fountain
Shall respond my votive lay;
And the lowings from the mountain
Swell my measures—Come away!
Lovely shine the lamps of heaven,
Not a cloud is o'er them driven;
What so beautiful as even
To the Lover?—Come away!

Come! the hill, the dale rejoices,
Chaunt the woods, the fields are gay;
Come! we'll blend our hearts and voices
In the rapture! Come away!
Life! 'tis short:—delay! 'tis madness,
Joy may be dethroned by Sadness;
Join the universal gladness
Of Creation! Come away!

BIRDS.

FROM A MODERN LATIN POET.

The iron-pinion'd eagle from above

Bears down the thunder and the bolts of Jove.

The swan, companion of the cooling waves,

Her snowy bosom in the river laves;

And Philomela, on the poplar tree,

Lulls the light gale with grateful harmony.

The peacock spreads her gaudy tail around,

The shadow of her plumage paints the ground.

The turtle's plaintive coo delights the air,

The sparrow, Venus, boasts thy guardian care.

For these the woods arise, for those the groves,

And each her destined habitation loves.

WRITTEN UNDER AN AGED OAK.

GIANT of this sylvan glade,

Last liv'd tree of ages gone;

Fancy's nurse, beneath whose shade

Harps have trembled, bards have sung;

While array'd in honours green,

Hear an humbler minstrel's lays;

Count the glories thou hast seen;

Tell the deeds of former days.

Near thy consecrated boughs,
Did some Druid's altar rise?
Hast thou heard his daily vows,
Hast thou seen his sacrifice?
Fragrant incense did he pour
On thy moss-encushion'd side,
And his wild poetic lore
Chaunt to thee at eventide?

Ere the rip'ning solar beam
Tipp'd with gold the grainy hoard,
Or the vine's exalted stream
Crown'd the joy-inspiring board,
Forest Sire! untutor'd man
Of thy produce cull'd his fill,

While his thirsty fellows ran Fast beside the crystal rill.

Thou hast view'd the crested knight
On his courser mounted high,
Clad in armour richly bright,
Rush to feats of chivalry,
While his well-lov'd Lady gay,
On a palfrey borne beside,
Pleas'd, beheld his fair array,
Cheer'd his courage, rais'd his pride.

And when many a broken lance Glitter'd on the tented plain, And the champions will'd to prance
For thy lofty shade again,
Oh! to see thy guests regale
Where the Poet muses now;
And the foaming nut-brown ale
Mantle o'er the goblet's brow!

Then a high-born bard of old
Struck his silver-chorded lyre,
And the feat of glory told,
Glowing with Aonian fire;
While the fame-crown'd victor's praise
All his fellow minstrels sung;
And with high romantic lays
All the forest echoes rung!

But the blushing western sky

Of the day's departure tells;

And the chiming melody

Of those evening village bells,

Bids the swain his fair one greet,

Trip the dance, or whisp his love;

And the wrestling ploughmen meet,

While with pastime rings the grove.

Happy souls! their only care
Or in rustic sports to vie,
Or the toil-earn'd meal to share,
Or to earn their next supply;
But the Poet's lot severe;
Anxious thoughts his slumbers break,

And the frequent falling tear
Writes a wrinkle on his cheek!

Yet when floods of sorrow roll
O'er his little vessel's beak,
'Tis a solace to his soul,
Shelter from life's storm to seek
Where each spirit of the past
Wafts a bright, a golden dream;
Where each sweetly-murmuring blast
Modulates a fairy theme!

But should'st thou, the forest's pride, Lose thy long continued sway, What will quell his sorrow's tide,
What his heart's distress allay?
Where will Fancy find a cell
When she seeks thy gloom in vain?
Where the weed-clad minstrel dwell,
When thou plough'st the mighty main?

Oh! in solitude he'll roam
O'er some summit's beetling brow,
Whiten'd by the breeze-borne foam
Of the swelling surge below;
And he'll bid each billow bring
Tidings of thy future fare,
Which a Spirit-Bard shall wing,
Sylvan Monarch, to thine heir!

At the conclusion of the spirited translation of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, by Hugh Stuart Boyd, Esq. I find three short poems, in elegant Ionic Greek. From the first of these I have derived such pleasure as to induce me to offer an English metrical version; annexing the original, the purity of which cannot fail to engage the attention of such men of learning as may honour my trifling work with their perusal.

ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΓΛΩΤΤΑΝ ΤΗΝ ΈΛΛΗΝΙΚΗΝ.

ΕΝΘΕΟΣ ει παντως, ω χρυσεοβοστρυχε Κουρη Ευθρονος, άβρα γελᾶς, κλεινων μεγα κυδος Αθηνων, Εκλαμπει δ' οσσων επι πορφυρεησι παρειαις, Μαρμαρυγη Μουσων, ασβεστον τ' Αθανατων φως. 'Η δε τριας Χαριτων γλωσσην παιδευσεν εραντην, Ανθεσι δ' ουρανιοις πλοκαμους εστεψε φαεινους. Μουσικη ει ψυχης, μνημης καθαρωτατον αφνος Ομματος ή δαιτη, λαμπρα τε πανηγυρις ωτων, Και Ζεφυρων τε λυρων τε πολυ γλυκερωτερον αδεις.

TO THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

Tноυ, gold-tress'd Maid of Graia, shin'st supreme; And o'er thy brow, with purple laughter bright, Enthron'd in glorious, ceaseless splendour, beam The Muses' fire, the Godhead's quenchless light! The Graces in thy flowing voice delight, Among thy locks perennial chaplets wreathe; Thou'rt music to the soul, and rich thy might To gratify the ear, to feast the sight! 'Tis thine in trancing melody to weave Whate'er the lyre repeats, the soft-wing'd Zephyrs breathe.

TO HEALTH.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARIPHRON THE SICYONIAN.

HEALTH, of mortal powers supreme,
Kind companion of my way;
O'er my paths propitious beam,
Gild my life with pleasure's ray!

Riches, offspring, (if the prize

Aught of hope or joy can yield;)

Kingdom, (if to bliss they rise

Meet for Gods, who sceptres wield;)

Lovely Venus, (if delights

Aught her meshes can ensuare;)

Whatsoe'er the sense invites,

Pours the balm to solace care;

Thine's the blessed source; with thee
Flourishes eternal Spring;
Health, to human misery
Thou alone can'st succour bring!

THE FIRST CHORAL ODE OF

THE "HECUBA" OF EURIPIDES,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

A chorus of native virgins, captured by the Greeks at the siege of Troy, are represented by the Tragedian as chaunting to the gale, in alternate stanzas, this pathetic enquiry on their future destiny.

GALES, ocean gales, who fleetly bear The vessel o'er the whit'ning wave, Oh! whisper to the lost one where Ye waft her? Must she live a slave Where spread their ports the Dorian shores,

Or where Apidanus, supreme

Of glorious rivers, kindly pours

O'er Phthia's mead, his bounteous stream?

Or must ye for the islands ply

Your surge-dipp'd oars, and bid me roam

A victim in captivity,

A mourner in a hostile home,

To waste my miserable day

Where first its shade the palm-tree spread,

The laurel burst its holy spray

To grace Latona's offspring's head ?*

* Delos, one of the Cyclades, a cluster distinguished by our Poet as "the islands," was celebrated as the hirth-place of Apollo and Diana, twin children of Jupiter and Latona. Here, as the ancients supposed, the palm and laurel first sprung.

There, link'd with many a native maid, The quiver bless, and breathe my vow Before the fillet's golden braid Which binds Diana's sacred brow? Or, where Minerva's ramparts rise * And rolls her gorgeous chariot, trace On saffron pall, in flowery dyes, Her panting coursers, yok'd for race: Or broider forth the Titan's might, Whom Jove's fell bolts, encircled round With forky flames of piercing light, In everlasting slumber bound? Ah! woe my children, woe my sires, My native land, adieu; for there

* At Athens, whose tutelary divinity was Minerva, Goddess of War and of Wisdom.

High blaze the desolating fires,

And Greece exalts her conquering spear;

While I my wretched doom must grieve,

A slave to alien nations led,

And Asia Europe's bondmaid leave,

And court the grave, my bridal bed!

EXETER:

PRINTED BY W. C. POLLARD, NORTH-STREET.



